

heads for them! Fill them with lead if they won't learn any other way!

"The chief said he had been advised not to use force, and Marwell grew purple.

"Who advised you?" he demanded.

"Your daughter," said the chief.

"I have no daughter," said the old man. "Stop the parade."

"There was something in the air that afternoon. It made me jumpy and nervous. Marwell felt it, too. He kept pacing up and down, muttering to himself.

"About 8 o'clock the chief's automobile whirled up again, and the chief, white-faced and sweating, broke into the room.

"Hell has broken loose," he cried. "The clubs are being used now, and unless we let them be it will be the guns soon."

"Then use the guns!" cried Marwell, but his face was white, too.

"The chief fumbled with his for a moment, and choked and swallowed. Then he mumbled:

"Your daughter——"

"Marwell's face hardened like granite.

"I have no daughter," he said. "Remember that."

"So the chief left, and the minutes went by, and I felt as if a dead weight were pressing on my heart. Marwell kept walking up and down, with his head bent on his breast and his mouth twitching.

"Suddenly he stopped and raised his head.

"What's that, Guernsey?" he cried. "What's that?"

"The sound I heard makes me shiver to this day. It was the sound of thousands marching slowly and singing as they marched. And the song they sang was the hymn of the workers, the Internationale.

"Marwell jumped to the telephone and called the chief's number. He got it, and asked what the matter was. The chief muttered something and then hung up on him. Marwell turned to me, white-faced.

"He hung up on me," he said. "The chief hung up on me. What d'you think it is, Guernsey?"

"The slow, thunderous tramp of the thousands of feet and the deep-throated wail of the hymn grew more and more loud.

"They're coming here, Guernsey," Marwell muttered. "They're coming here, and the chief hung up on me."

"Then he straightened up.

"Come on," he cried. "We've got work to do."

"He served out arms to all the servants and stationed them at the windows. He switched out every light in the house and then he and I went out on the porch.

"The tramp of feet drew up to the house. The singing stopped. The night was black and we couldn't make out what they were doing. We could just hear the soft shuffling of feet, the rustling of skirts and the whisper of low orders. It was creepy to be crouching there, hugging a rifle